



The Plague of Kaiserdom

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READ & PASS IT ON



THE PLAGUE OF KAISERDOM.

Not many years ago the world was congratulating itself on having emerged from the Dark Ages; much was said about the abolition of war; peace palaces were built, and every crowd gave its applause at the mention of a world-wide brotherhood.

The Story of the Past had been written in the terms of human misery and, as it had been told and retold, we turned the pages indifferently. Hungry lions devouring men and women in the arena; Nero playing his harp happily while Rome burned; the human sacrifices to Baal; the rack, the ordeals, witchcraft, the savagery of redskins; all these were taught in school only as mere matters of history.

There were also tales of the ancient ferocity of the Germans. How they had drunk human blood from human skulls and how they had carried off captive women into the Black Forests.

But that, too, was mere history. It did not concern us much. We boasted of our wondrous civilization; how human nature had improved,

and we said that if in the remote possibility of things there should be a war, it would be a humane war.

Had not all nations signed a contract to this effect?¹ Was there not honor among nations—particularly great civilized nations?

And so we built our Peace Palaces, basked in the sun—most of us—and smoked our pipes of contentment.

Particularly did we so in America. Yet, notwithstanding our own good feeling toward mankind, the thunder cloud rolled across Belgium and into France, across Poland and into Russia, across Serbia and into Asia. But we heeded it not. We looked on in bewildered apathy as if gazing at an intense panorama in a moving picture house. And so some of us continued to count our shekels and reach out for more; others looked on indifferently and said: It is not our affair.

And then there came a day when the Lusitania and those other ships were sent deep into the sea. We looked up from our pipes for a moment, said a few naughty words, listened to weak apologies, and then returned again to our pipes.

The tinkle of coins, the ease of luxury, the complacent knowledge of latent power, the worryless contentment of peace at any price, lulled us into drowsy indifference.

¹Regulations of The Hague.

Now and then, for a short afternoon, we would strut about with our swagger-stick, and believe that we had frightened the lawless ones.

But a plague is a plague. A malignant disease can not be driven away by rhetoric or Fourth of July speeches.

For a decade and more Prussian writers and army men wrote of the unkind things that they would some day do to the rest of the world. With cynical frankness Bernhardi proclaimed the ultimate crushing of the British and the French; proclaimed that might is right; that war is justifiable and is smiled upon by Providence.² Others brazenly spoke of the time when Germany would subdue and plunder America. But in the main such preachments fell on deaf ears.

“The desire for peace has rendered most civilized nations anemic, and marks a decay of spirit and political courage,” said Bernhardi.³

“Woe and death unto those who oppose my will. Death to the infidel who denies my mission. Let all the enemies of the German nation perish. God demands their destruction,” said Kaiser William II.⁴

“Bismarck would have never made the mistake of asking for his country a military equipment sufficiently powerful to fight England,

²“Germany and the Next War,” by F. von Bernhardi, 1912.

³“Germany and the Next War,” page 17.

⁴“Out of Their Own Mouths,” page 4.

France and the Slav masses, only to keep it unemployed during long years of peace," said Maximilian Harden in 1913.

"Of late years we Germans have had cause for political irritation with the United States, due largely to commercial reasons" . . .

"The question for us to consider is what plans must eventually be developed to put a stop to the overreachings by the United States which are detrimental to our interests. It is by armed action that we must ultimately enforce our will upon that country," wrote Baron von Edelsheim in 1901.⁵

And then the Baron went on to tell how it should be accomplished. Among other things he would seize Atlantic seaports and levy upon them heavy war contributions.

In fact, German military and naval men frequently and frankly boasted of plans to subdue England, France and America. "In our next war, 'World power or downfall!' will be our rallying cry," said Bernhardi.⁶

At all this France looked on unbelievingly; England turned up her nose in contempt; America gave an extra quarter to the fiddler, heaped her banquet plates and danced merrily to the tune, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

⁵"Out of Their Own Mouths," page 80.

⁶See, also, "Gems (?) of German Thought," by William Archer.

But it happened. It happened.
It was a sunny day in a sunny month.

The French were busy with their fashions.
In Paris there was revelry and song.

The Belgians toiled in their fields in innocent happiness and content. In Brussels they made their lace.

The English fox-hunted in sportive chase. From Liverpool ships pursued the commerce of peace. From Manchester there was a ceaseless flow of the implements of peace.

"But it happened.
Like a thief in the night, when his powder-house was filled, the Kaiser touched the match.

In a Serbian village, a degenerate son of Hapsburg was assassinated. There is strong belief it was by German intrigue.

But any excuse will do when an excuse is needed.

Then came the interminable tramp of Prussian troops.

All day long and all night long.
Tramp, tramp, a ceaseless tramp.

And then, out of the tumult and noise of battle, beyond the dugout and the screech of shell, came the agonizing cry of noncombatants.

There were stories of debauchery, of rape and of murder—stories of cities and towns being wiped from the earth—hellish stories of hellish scenes.

France doubtfully investigated.

England disbelieved.

America laughed at the very idea.

But the proofs came thick and fast. Affidavit upon affidavit were filed in government archives. Judicial testimony was taken. Voluminous diaries of German soldiers were collected. Bryce and men of like character were selected to make investigations. Neutral visitors wrote and talked.⁷

And too, there were those that escaped across the fields of liquid-fire—wounded men and maimed women, prisoners and priests, nurses and nuns and children.

And the stories were the same.

“In Christian countries murder is a grave crime; amongst a people where blood-vengeance is a sacred duty it can be regarded as a moral act, and its neglect as a crime,” wrote Bernhardi in 1912.⁸

⁷See “The Deportation of Women and Girls from Lille,” by the French Government.

⁸“Germany and the Next War,” page 3.

"The German people is always right, because it is the German people. Our fathers have left us much to do," wrote Von Tannenberg in 1911.⁹

"Be as terrible as the Huns under Attila," said the Kaiser to his soldiers a few years before the war.¹⁰

And so churches were profaned, priests murdered, boys driven into exile, women-folk handed over to the lust of licentious soldiery, homes burned and destroyed, towns and cities obliterated.

History reveals no greater savagery. Not in darkest Africa or the pioneer forests of America.

"As the German troops passed through the communes and towns of the arrondissements of Ypres, Hazebrouck, Bethune and Lille, they shot indiscriminately at the innocent spectators of their march; the peasant tilling his fields, the refugee tramping the roads, and the workman returning to his home. * * * Old men and boys, and even women and young girls were shot like rabbits."¹¹

⁹"Out of Their Own Mouths," page 79.

¹⁰*Id.* Proclamation.

¹¹"German Atrocities" by J H Morgan. See, also "The Crimes of Germany," issued by the *London Field*; also, "Germany's Violations of the Laws of War," issued by the French Government.

People in hiding in the cellars of houses have heard the voices of women in the hands of German soldiers crying all night long until death or stupor ended their agonies.¹²

Living screens of priests, old men, and women with babes at the breast were thrust between German troops and the enemy.¹³

"Soft-hearted men put the French wounded out of their misery with bullets; the others hew and stab whenever they can * * * but whether they are slightly or mortally wounded, our brave musketeers save the Fatherland the costly care of numerous enemies."¹⁴

A hairdresser was murdered in his kitchen where he was sitting with a child on each knee.¹⁵

Priests in particular were insulted by the soldiers who cried incessantly, "Down with Catholicism! Death to Priests! All priests should be shot!"¹⁶

Twenty-five priests were held as prisoners in one place and continually insulted by guards.

¹²"German Atrocities," page 89.

¹³"German Atrocities," page 43. (Reported by France and Britain.)

¹⁴German officer in newspaper article "Out of Their Own Mouths," page 191.

¹⁵Bryce Report, page 15.

¹⁶"The Germans in Belgium," by L. H. Grondys, page 24.

At another place two priests were made to pump water two hours for a company of soldiers; another was hung three times and left for dead.¹⁷

A young Jesuit priest of Belgium wrote in his note book:

“When formerly I read that the Huns under Attila had devastated towns, and that the Arabs had burnt the Library of Alexandria, I smiled. Now that I have seen with my own eyes the hordes of today, burning churches and the celebrated Library of Louvain, I smile no longer.”

In punishment therefor he was shot in the presence of thirty priest prisoners who were made to watch his death agony.¹⁸

At Andenne, Belgium, after placing her husband close to a machine gun and shooting through him, soldiers ransacked the wife’s home, piled up all eatables in a heap on the floor and relieved themselves upon it.¹⁹

At Malines one witness saw a German soldier cut a woman’s breasts after he had murdered her, and saw many other dead bodies of women in the streets.²⁰

¹⁷“The Germans in Belgium,” by L. H. Grondys, page 27.

¹⁸“The Germans in Belgium,” by L. H. Grondys, page 69.

¹⁹Bryce Report, page 15.

²⁰Bryce Report, page 25.

"I am sending you a bracelet made out of a piece of a shell," wrote a Bavarian soldier to his betrothed. "This will be a fine souvenir of a German warrior, who has gone through the whole campaign and has killed heaps of Frenchmen. I have also bayoneted a good number of women. During the battle of Budonwiller, I did away with four women and seven young girls in five minutes. The captain had told me to shoot these French sows, but I preferred to run my bayonet through them."²¹

At Boort Meerbeek, a German soldier was seen to fire three times at a little girl of five years old. Having failed to hit her, he subsequently bayoneted her, but was himself killed with the butt-end of a rifle in the hands of a Belgian soldier who from a distance had seen him commit the deed.²²

At Haecht a child of two or three years old was found nailed to the door of a farmhouse by its hands and feet.²³

Near Malines a German soldier thrust his bayonet through a suckling child after having killed its father and mother, then put his rifle on his shoulder with the child on it. "Its little arms stretched out once or twice," said a witness.²⁴

²¹Letter of Bavarian soldier to his betrothed, "Out of Their Own Mouths," page 195.

²²Bryce Report, page 27.

²³Bryce Report, page 28.

²⁴Bryce Report, page 25.

The village of Lienden was fired because one of the inhabitants killed a German soldier. The latter, along with a companion, had violated a young girl after tying her parents to chairs. The father freed himself from his bonds, seized a gun, and slew one of the aggressors. The German officers ordered fire set to the house, and the parents of the young girl, bound again to their chairs, perished in the flames.²⁵

A Sister of Mercy, wearing the sign of the Red Cross, was seized by the Germans and Austrians on the Russian front, beaten with swords and pricked with needles because she refused to give information regarding the Russians, and was later lodged with lustful German officers.²⁶

“A private of my regiment and I in searching for doors for a roof for our dugout in a shell-riden cottage in the vicinity of Ypres which was recently vacated by German soldiers, on entering the kitchen saw a woman dead in an upright position, her two hands, one on top of the other, nailed to the wall. On a lamp hook hanging from the ceiling was a boy about three or three and a half years of age. The hook had been run through the back of his neck. The body was covered with blood which indicated he was hanged there during life. No other wound was

²⁵“The Germans in Belgium,” by L. H. Grondys, page 24.

²⁶“German Atrocities,” page 88.

on the child or woman. Both had been dead apparently some time. This occurred about April 22, 1915.”²⁷

“German military usage has methods also of dealing with children. They have little hands that are delightfully easy to cut off. Their feet are barely attached to their legs at all. M. Le Senateur Henry Lafontaine—Nobel prizeman and famed for moderation and pacifism—has testified in public meeting that children’s nostrils and children’s ears have been burnt with the flaring stumps of lighted cigars.”²⁸

“The scene is a country-house near Antwerp. A merchant of the city has chosen to remain in his home, with his two daughters, aged respectively twenty and seventeen years. Both are beautiful, with that placidly joyful beauty that has distinguished Flemish women from the time of Rubens onwards. After the fall of Antwerp, the Germans spread about the neighborhood and several officers quarter themselves on the merchant, who has had the rash courage to stay on in his country house. Being a man of means he receives them with all the hospitality possible. The most comfortable bedrooms are given up to them; for the first evening an abundant dinner is prepared. Five German officers sit down to

²⁷Sergt. Albert Goads of British Army at San Francisco in letter to author.

²⁸“Belgium’s Agony,” page 32.

this meal, at which there is every promise of plentiful wine as well as food. Unfortunately, however, drunkenness can not be pleaded in their defense. Before the feast begins at all, the German captain, the oldest and senior officer of the five, orders the owner of the house to be thrust into his own cellar, and the door guarded by two sentinels with loaded rifles and instructions to shoot, if necessary.

This precaution having been taken, the two girls are commanded by the revellers to undress. They protest, resist, implore. All in vain. As answer to their prayers the captain orders some of his men to strip them naked and hold them during the meal before the leering eyes of the diners. At last, sated with eating and pleasantly drunk, the savages, before the amused eyes of the common soldiers, themselves reeling with drink, take the two poor children for their amusement. You will forgive me for not reproducing here the further details quoted by the Minister of War. It is enough to say that when, the following morning, the merchant was set free from his prison, his daughters had been handed over to the tender mercies of the common soldiery. One had gone raving mad; the other has since killed herself in shame and grief.”²⁹

This last, says Verhaeren, is the German procedure for women who are not pledged to marry.

²⁹“Belgium’s Agony,” pages 30-31.

And so on in Belgium almost *ad finitem*.

And so on in Belgium *ad nauseam*.

In that lovable land the Kaiser smeared the pastoral scenes with red in late summer—with burnt-umber in early autumn. There are volumes and volumes telling the horrid details. It makes one's blood pressure go up. No wonder the wounded boys in France fret to return to the battle front.

And thereafter—thereafter!

—After these scenes of butchery and pillage and debauchery came

—Starvation! Deportation! Slavery!

—Perhaps the little babe on the bayonet's end was happier after all.

In June, the Belgian peasant smilingly began to save his mite for the Christmas to come.

In December on a cattle car he was carried off into Saxony.

—Breathing the air of freedom in June—a slave in December.

But it is useless to try to describe it all. The pen falls helplessly. Vocabularies are inadequate. History records nothing like this; hence there are no words to fit, no phrases that fully apply.

But this is only Belgium.
And still there is Northern France!
And Poland and West Russia!
And Serbia!
And Armenia!

In Poland there was systematic starvation of a mighty people; also, a coal famine scientifically produced with German precision.

Coal famines make cold homes. Cold homes breed tuberculosis.

—And Prussia has found tuberculosis a useful implement with which to eliminate undesired inhabitants of conquered provinces. It saves powder, does not dull bayonets, and is more scientific.

And so, it is said that in Poland there are no children under seven years.

And then there are other stories—many—many!

—Horrid, horrid tales of Pan-Germanism.

In West Russia the peasants and all fled before the German advance.

All day long; all night long; wearily, wearily they traveled eastward.

On foot, by wagon, or horse.

The procession moving no one knew whither.

“Into the unknown,” says Doroshevitch,
“Silently, above all.

The over-wearied horses do not shy when
motor cars pass them. They do not even prick
up their ears.

And the dogs don’t bark.

The people in the carts do not talk.

—They have said all they’ve got to say.

They move like gray shadows, like the dead.

The peasant women are silent.

Even the children do not cry.

At the relief points, where thousands of
people are gathered together, you are im-
pressed by the silence.

What a silent country it is!

You can go for tens and for hundreds of
versts—and still meet an almost uninterrupted
stream of grey carts.

Like a series of spectres.

And silent, silent, silent.

Nothing but hopeless boredom and grief in
their eyes.

Weary and indifferent faces, as of convicts
being marched along the road.

And only by the new white wooden crosses
along the side of the road can you see how
much suffering has silently passed there. ***

Along this ‘Way of the Cross’ takes place
—A selection.

A terrible ‘natural’ selection.

All the weak ones perish.

Both of people and cattle.

They are tried by sickness, hunger and cold.

From Baranovitch to Bobruisk, from Bob-
ruisk by way of Dovsk to Roslavl, and in
Roslavl, all the weak ones remain behind.”³⁰

³⁰“The Way of the Cross,” by V. Doroshevitch.

But what is the use of multiplying tales of horror? Why aggravate the bitterness of feeling? Why rake over the offal and human debris in the Prussian path?

There is a reason.

In America there is a special reason.

Here we have hardly begun to realize it all. The horse-laugh of disbelief has barely died from our lips.

For a time, when we were watchfully waiting, insidious propaganda raised a doubt.

It is reason enough.

But there is another why and wherefore.

Public opinion! World-wide public opinion!

We should be informed. Speakers, public servants—men, women and children should know.

For the sake of Posterity, we should know.

“It is a safeguard against a relapse to barbarism,” says Mr. Bryce. “Spread the knowledge so that war will become even a greater curse in the minds of men.”

Our children and their children should know.

—Should be taught to shrink from the plague.

—And thus, perhaps, prevent a recurrence.

And too, they who stay at home should know what manner of foe our boys go forth to fight.

But mainly, if these stories do not move you—you and each of you—to a resolute purpose to

bend every thought and every act toward blotting the origin of this plague from the face of the earth, then the telling perhaps has been useless.

But the deed can not be done by words or by noise, or by a false sense of security, or by an exaggerated idea of American valor, or by listlessly leaving the matter to Fate, or by boasting of what we have already done in this war, or by singing "Over There," or by serving on committees at noon and attending Hooverized banquets at night, or by reading about Molly Stark and Barbara Frietchie, or alone by buying Liberty Bonds, or by marching in parades, or by having war bread and a meatless meal only when we invite our friends in, or by saluting the flag or standing when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," or by following numerous fads and fancies, or by shutting our eyes to the truth, or by believing every report of a riot or revolution in the enemy's country.

—For remember, the enemy hears like tales of riot and revolution in your country.

And remember, too, thus far Germany is the victor in this war.

For two years and more she has had forty millions of people working for her as slaves.³¹

Peace today means a Prussian victory. Peace today will endanger American freedom of tomorrow.

³¹Major G. M. P. Murphy, formerly in charge of American Red Cross in Europe, on his return in January, 1918.

True it is that German manpower is diminished, that she has thrown millions into the fiery furnace. So have England and France.

Regretfully, I fear, so must we.

How many must we sacrifice?

That depends upon how earnestly we enter into the fight. That depends upon what sacrifice you have made—*you*—you in your cozy chair at home near the fireside.

Have you begun to sacrifice? If not, perhaps it is not yet too late. Soon it will be.

And if it be too late, do you know what may happen? Can you realize? Do you understand? Have you thought of it seriously?

May God preserve the British Navy.

May He sustain the thin line at the Front—French and English and Italian and the rest.

All Heaven knows we need them. They are protecting America!

They can not defeat the Hun's forty years of preparation—but God grant that they can hold the line—hold it until we in America are ready to drive the hordes back.

But if this thin line should fail!

If Britain be starved! If her Navy be scattered!

Then, added to the fifty millions in Europe, there may be the wail of a hundred million in America.

Impossible, you say? Stop! You do not know the truth. You do not understand. You still hear those *flamboyant July* orations.

Then, it may be—but God forbid—all day long and all night long; wearily, wearily Eastern Americans will travel westward.

—And then *our* churches too will pray: “O Lord, remember those who wake this morning under the open sky.”

And like in Belgium, women and children will become the playthings of German lust!³²

And like in Poland, there will be organized famine and scientific starvation—especially in populous centers.

And like in Belgium and Poland millions will become beggars.

And like in France, the only social function will be the meeting to hear the list of wounded and dead, where the women folk will crowd forward to listen—and then some will drop a tear, some will smile hopefully, but many will sob with a breaking heart.

There will be insolence that knows no pity and feels no love.

For the ruthlessness, the contempt for human life, the somber fatalism, the indifference to personal liberty, the chicanery, the love of espionage, the brutal bestiality of Prussia will be wreaked on America.

³²See “Der Tag for Us,” by Samuel Blythe in *Saturday Evening Post*, Dec. 22, 1917.

Can we hope otherwise?
Germany says she bore no hatred toward
Belgium
—But look at the ruins!

When the Lusitania went down, and the mothers and little ones on it, Germany declared a holiday and her children marched joyously in parade.

O the Plague of Kaiserdom! The Plague of Kaiserdom!

For a quarter of a century this pestilential kultur germ has thrived in the Prussian Hot-house until Germany has gone mad—until she has run amuck.

Her whole people seem afflicted with the aecursed malady.

Hear the poet Vierordt.

“O my Germany, into thy soul thou must etch a deep and terrible hate. . . . Retribution, vengeance, fury are demanded; stifle in thy heart all human feeling and hasten to the fight.

“O Germany, hate! Slaughter thy foes by the millions and of their reeking corpses build a monument that shall reach the clouds.

“O Germany, hate now! Arm thyself in steel and pierce with thy bayonet the heart of every foe; no prisoners! Lock all their life in silence; turn our neighbors' lands into deserts . . . Beat in their skulls with rifle butts and with axes.”

Hymns of Hate! All Germany sings the chorus

—Even the children, while old folk approve.

—Even the clergy who pronounce a benediction on blood-dripping hands.

Do you understand what this means?

You—you farmers who dream of bigger crops;

You miners; you workers in shop and factory;

You laborers, you greatest in numbers, who toil and sweat and strive and toil,

—but return at night to a snug nest and refreshing sleep;

You commuters who rush to your daily grind;

You women smothered in feathers and furs, and in lace and linen;

You men who follow your bent;

You dreamers of luxurious homes in days to come;

You other men who make your business or profession your religion and your god;

You housewives whose daily moil is never at an end;

You giddy gigglers who skim the surface and seldom scratch into depths below;

You, all of you—Americans all—

Is it possible you can not or will not comprehend?

Is it possible that you do not realize that the boys in the shell-shocked trenches are fighting for YOU—for YOUR freedom, for YOUR protection?

—For your right to work for a living wage instead of working as a Prussian slave?

—For your right to have your home, to read your paper, to express your every thought?

—For your right even to enjoy your family and to keep your little ones playing unharmed about your feet?

Where the Prussian blot has fallen, where the Hohenzollern has touched his reeking finger, all these little simple things of life have been denied the laboring folk, the farmer folk, and all.

Therefore awake! Awake you farmers and laboring men, you housewives and all—Awake! THIS IS YOUR FIGHT!

Awake now! Must you wait until the front page of the press be covered with red lists of dead and dying before you see the peril?

—Before you discard the useless things?

—Before you strain every arm in the fight?

Will you listen to words, or must you first see blood?

Will you heed the indisputable pictures drawn, or must you first look on the stark, stiff corpses of women and children, of innocent men run through, of soldier-prisoners crucified on dugout doors?

Must it first be proved to you logically, statistically and in cold judicial reasoning?

Where is the Red Blood of your ancestry? Has it stagnated in your scramble for greater ease and comfort?

Until this danger, this red risk be passed—let us forget profit, ambition, partisanship—every little thing that does not help to win.

The boys in the trenches endure the ceaseless swarms of lice and the sleek, hairless, vile-smelling rats; they dig in the mud through long winter months of homesickness and discomfort—and still they smile as they go. Surely you and I—you and I—in our cushioned chairs and soft beds can deny ourselves a few pleasures in order that those boys shall not have died in vain.

For if we remain indifferent, if we hesitate to sacrifice—if we fail to rush into the fray, it may be too late.

And then the millions of French and Belgians and the others, will have died in vain. The world will go back to the Dark Ages and human freedom will be lost.

The Plague of Kaiserdom!

On the Ganges there have been times when folk died by the hundreds of thousands from the pestilence.

But the Plague of Kaiserdom!

It is festering and festering in Europe.
Calculating, precise and cold-blooded;
Subtle, stealthy, insidious and uncanny;
Its cankered poison crept into the flesh of Italy; and into the vitals of Russia.

And America has not escaped.

Insidious propaganda, spurious tales, sly phrases, cunning remarks, rumors, malicious and mendacious, whisperings secret and subtle, creep, knowingly and unknowingly, into the press and the pulpit, into the club, the lodge, and the home. If a public servant be zealous in his patriotic work, if a public or private institution does noble service in the fight, then soon there are whispers about—

Rumors, whispers and rumors:

- The man is not what he should be, or
- The institution is useless, or
- What's the use, there will soon be peace.

And so forth.

The base chord of prejudice and the high chord of passion are played upon in every variation. There are lies that spring from nowhere. There are stories that can not be traced.

So do not be deceived, you mothers, every pro-German statement is a direct shot at the life of your boy in France.

Wilhelm has a great Secret Army in America. It digs in among the ultra bigots, the government-destroyer, the greedy, the pacifist, the over-ambitious, the thoughtless—everywhere.

As villainous as the sleek rats that dig into shell-craters and fatten on the dead, these secret soldiers of his—not always his countrymen—fatten on the putrèscence of dead patriotism.

Therefore beware, America! Beware the plague of Kaiserdom!

There is grim business ahead.

It is well that all America be aroused to anger

—Not to sing bitter hymns of hate and rejoice
in butchery

—But with anger enough to go at this grim
job with relentless determination.

It is regrettable, but there is no other way.

—For we can not toy with leprosy, nor can we
compromise with murder.

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IN regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We can not be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight, and to continue to fight, until they are achieved. * * *

The moral climax of this culminating and final war for human liberty has come, and they (our United States) are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test.

WOODROW WILSON,
Message to Congress, January 8, 1918.

* * * * *

"I made the mistake of my career, when I had the opportunity, that I did not remove the Hohenzollerns from the throne of Prussia. As long as this house reigns and until the red cap of liberty is erected in Germany, there will be no peace in Europe."

—Napoleon at St. Helena.

9

— 81 —